

D-Jumper: The First Jump

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Summary: James, an experiment in the Spartan program, was sent to kill the new binding force of the Covenant, the Prophet of Revenge, but when the mission goes wrong, his entire life is changed. Harem. OC/Cortana/PokEgirls.

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A/N I am sorry for the slow to nonexistent updates, but I keep having inspiration, then losing it, and for that I am truly sorry...

Bio

Names: Spartan 215, James

Height: 10'2"

Weight: 340 Lbs

Eye Color: Blue

Hair Color: light brown

Hair Style: Wavy, down to eyes in front, down to shoulders in back

Facial Hair: None

Scars: One on his chest in an X shape, Several on his back in vertical and horizontal stripes, Three vertical claw scars over his right eye.

Skills: Fast trigger finger, Proficiency over most weapons, Ability to empathize and control the battlefield due to his understanding of the enemy, Mastery over CQC and the style of fighting known as

Ketsueki no Hakai, almost photographic memory, and a very good singing voice.

Powers: Ability to force energy into his fist, and create a beam of psychic energy. Immense strength boosts due to Spartan enhancements, augmented by psychic abilities. Also has the power of Gyrationa (Giritina).

Weapons: Knockout grenades, a P90, several knives, and 8 Magnums

Chapter One: Intro

This shit-fest started 33 Years ago, when Candidate Sierra 117 was being enhanced. That night, Halsey was there, watching the whole goddamn thing.

"Now John, this first injection will hurt, but You have to be tough, okay?", Halsey asked the little boy sitting there in as comforting of a voice as she could make. John nodded, smiling slightly. Halsey smiling motioned for the nurse to hand her the first injection. When she had it, she found a vein near John's heart and injected the serum, to make sure the serum ran through his system as fast as it could. He clenched his teeth and his knuckles, making his knuckles turn white. When he managed to speak he turned to Halsey and said, "It wasn't so bad." For a second Halsey felt a pang in her heart, doubting this program, but then she smiled, saying, "Good, now we need a blood sample, so hold still..." With that sentence, she pulled out the needle, took another one, and jabbed it back into his vein and pulled out some blood. She smiled a tad bit wider, as she handed the blood to a nearby assistant to be taken to the lab. As she looked back at John, she pushed his gurney down the area, to the surgery room. Now the vial of blood was sent to a cryo-lab, where it was frozen, "Just in case." In the few years to come, John would become known to the Covie menace as 'The Demon', and to the UNSC 'Master Chief.' Due to that, his blood was chosen for a "Stage Two Enhancement". This enhancement was an almost perfect clone of the original, but was upgraded a step beyond a Spartan's original limits. His strength would be five or six times a Spartan's standard, and twelve or thirteen times a standard marine. This new being was dubbed a , a miracle of genetic tests on a human, brought to god-like potential.

25 Years after 117's Enhancement, James was the new being's name. He was the pinnacle of their program, 16 Years old and old enough to be sent into the field. He was given a few things from his "Father..."

"So James, how are you doing?" Halsey asked.
>"I am doing great, I have my training grade average of 102, which is an A+, so I feel like I have had a great time here at this academy. It was definitely a fun experience for me." James replied enthusiastically.
"Good, because I was planning on giving you something from your predecessor. His A.I., and his armor. His stuff was all Mk. III, so we had to do a few adjustments to make up for the sheer strength difference. We added an internal structure with shock absorbers to keep your armor from being the one that broke and not the target. We revamped the A.I. to be able handle a few more years of service after being shut down for the time it was without someone to use it. James, you will be able to choose whether or not to use

this, or use a brand new armor, which would be designed specifically for you."

>"I want the old armor and A.I., because it may be able to help me more than a brand new set of armor, and I would love to have something of my predecessor's."
"Good, then get in there and put it on, and get acquainted with Cortana, she is an almost direct copy of me. She is younger and still a completely different being than me, so don't feel too... uncomfortable."

James face palms, as he puts the armor on and installs the A.I. chip into the back of his helmet. He smiles inside the helmet, as he heard Halsey's voice suddenly yell, "John, is that you?! Wait, that's not John, so who are you?" _"My name is James, Candidate 215. I am a clone who was enhanced twice as much as a normal human. Predecessor was Candidate 117, also known as Master Chief." _"So you are John's clone, well that is interesting..." _"I know, right. I wish that they wouldn't put me with the other Spartans though, because they are mean to me. I know that it is a logical reaction to somebody that is not even natural, but I still don't like it." _"True it is logical, but it is wrong as well. You know you should probably get something done about that." _"I would, but I was taught to fight my own battles, but I cannot harm them because any injury given has to be given to the person who gave the injury. Therefore, I cannot fight any battle, because if I do the repercussions would be far too severe for my liking." _"Good rationale, but I would have to say that the way it is worded, if you hit them in the face, they would hit you in the face. You would deal significantly more damage. By that logic, you would technically win the 'fight'. You would have to do something extreme for any real damage to be done to you." _" True, but I wouldn't receive any satisfaction from it. By this logic it is useless. It would most likely worsen the condition, to the point it is unbearable. It would be a futile attempt to even try to fight it, I will just prove myself on the battlefield." _" Nice reasoning. Your predecessor would have tried anyway." _"True, but I am not him." _"Yes, you are not... I think Doctor Halsey wants a word with you." _

"James, James, James?! Are you awake? Finally, you are back to being in reality. Have you met Cortana yet?" Doctor Halsey said as she looked at him with concern in her eyes.

>"Yes of course, she is very interesting. She and I got into a logical argument in which I won. Of course it was a hard won argument, but it was a nice one."
"Wait, you are telling me you won in a logical argument with an A.I.?! Damn, I underestimated you. You are definitely a genius. Well I guess it is time for your first mission. You are going to PX-5..."

7 Years later

"Cortana, what is the ETA on backup?" _"Half an hour at minimum, two hours at worst. All in all you only have two people for a mission meant for half an army. Yeah you are fucked." _"Yes, yes I am. But at least I have Arbiter for my partner, which should count for something at least, right?" _"Yeah, it does with you and him together, you should be able to kill most of them, and at least get the new prophet." _ "I know that is what we need to do, anyway, Mission Start!" Arbiter nods at this, raising his rifle as they both jump out of the pelican and land near the base. They both get up, raising their rifles as they run at the covenant base. They run through the base, shooting every covenant they see. When they find the entrance

to the prophet chamber, they see a large amount of enemies guarding the door. "Arbiter, would you do me the honor of allowing me to kill the new prophet?" "Sure my friend, I will distract the enemies, and you will crush the prophet. Together, we will make the universe safe for sentient beings." With that and a nod of his head, Arbiter was gone and James was left alone to face the Prophet of Revenge. James smiled as he grabbed his rifle and ran for the door. James reached it and ran inside to the sight of the Prophet pushing a button on his hovering throne, and suddenly there was a blue wormhole. I ran, creating a miniscule sonic boom as I rushed for the portal. James faintly heard Arbiter yell, "Don't" As I jumped through the portal. I blacked out as I fell through it, my mind wasn't used to any kind of the strain that it felt as I jumped through the portal.

End
file.